

PEN-S' ATTERS.

"I don't like those mighty fine preachers who round off their sentences so beautifully that they are sure to roll off the sinner's conscience.—*Roxland Hill.*"

"Johnny, what do you expect to do for a living when you get to be a man?" "Well, I reckon I'll get married and board with my wife's mother."

"You'd better look out for your hoss' feet above here, mister," said a ragged boy to a traveler. "Why," said the gentleman nervously pulling up. "Cos there's a fork in the road there," was the candid reply.

"I wish you had been Eve," said an urchin to a stingy old aunt, proverbial for her meanness. "Why so?" "Because," said he, "you would have eaten all the apple, instead of dividing it."

A sad dog—one who tarries long at his whine.

Faith knows there are no impossibilities with God, and will trust him when it cannot trust him.

The difference between a fisherman and a lazy school-boy is, one baits his hook and the other hates his book.

"How can I expand my chest?" asked a stingy fellow of a physician. "By carrying a larger heart in it," the doctor replied.

Doctrine is nothing but the skin of truth set up and stuffed.

An off-hand fellow—one who has lost both his arms.

Call a spade, a spade. You may call stockings, hoes.

Most lovers like to be alone—with their sweethearts, of course.

"Boys will be boys." Just so. What a pity it is, though, men won't always be men.

The song of the ladies at West Point: "How I love the Military." Song of the cadets: "How I love the Millinery."

Nothing is more reasonable and cheap than good manners.

Josh Billings says that a large policy of life insurance doesn't exactly make a man's corpse smile at his widow, but it helps amazingly to get another fellow to do it for him.

"Rarer than the Phoenix," says De Quincey, "is the virtuous man who will consent to lose a good anecdote because it is a lie."

"Good morning, Mr. Henpeck," said a printer in search of female compositors. "Have you any daughters who would make good type-setters?" "No, but I have a wife who would make a fine devil."

For a specimen of logical consecution of ideas we venture to commend this, from a schoolboy's composition: "Tobacco was invented by a man named Walter Raleigh. When the people first saw him smoking, they thought he was a steamboat, and, as they had never seen a steamboat, they were frightened."

A naughty little boy blubbering because his mother wouldn't let him go down to the river on the Sabbath, upon being admonished said, "I didn't want to go a swimmin' with 'em ma. I only wanted to go down and see the bad little boys drown for going a swimmin' on a Sunday."

"Sir, you have the advantage of me." "Quite right; you are quite right, sir. Almost everybody of common sense has."

There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair.

I sometimes go musing along the street to see how few people there are whose faces look as though any joy had come down and sung in their souls. I can see the lines of thought, and of care, and of fear,—money lines, shrewd, grasping lines,—but how few happy lines! The rarest feeling that ever lights the human face is the contentment of a loving soul. Sit for an hour on the steps of the exchange in Wall street, and you will behold a drama which is better than a thousand theaters, for all the actors are real.

There is no greater mistake, (says an eminent divine,) than to suppose that Christians can impress the world by agreeing with it. No! it is no conformity that we want; it is not being able to beat the world in its own way; but it is to stand apart from and above it, and to produce the impression of a holy and a separate life; this only can give us a true Christian power.

A poor woman kept a strawberry plant in a broken pot in her window. It grew and flourished finely, and when a friend congratulated her on the promise of fruit, she replied, "Ah, it is not for the fruit I keep it. I am too poor to keep any living creature, but it is a great comfort to me to have that plant, for I know it can live only by the power of God, and to see it live and grow from day to day tells me that God is near."

Frederick the Great was very fond of disputation; but as he generally terminated his discussion by collaring his antagonist and kicking his shins, few of his guests were disposed to enter the arena with him. One day, when he was even more than usually disposed for an argument, he asked one of his suite why he did not venture to give his opinion on some particular question. "It is impossible, your majesty," was the reply, "to express an opinion before a sovereign who has such strong convictions, and who wears such very thick boots."

"Now, young people," said a professor of natural history to his class, "now, then, as to hens; a hen has the capacity of laying just six hundred eggs, and no more; and she finishes the job in just about five years. Now what is to be done with her after that?" "Cut off her head and sell her for a spring chicken!" exclaimed an urchin whose father dealt in poultry.

In reply to a young friend leaving a town because some things in it were not exactly to her taste or content, an old lady of experience said: "My dear, when you have found a place where every body and every thing are always pleasant, and nothing whatever is disagreeable, let me know, and I'll move there, too."

Why is your chambermaid immortal? Because she returns to dust every day without dying.

The *Christian Union* follows Beecher by declaring that there is no such thing as an actual devil.

The census returns of Great Britain show that the surplus of female population is on the increase.

Eaton, Ga., moralizes over a snake that crawled into a house, and was found coiled up on the family Bible.

Ignorance does not simply deprive us of advantages; it leads us to work our own misery; it is not merely a vacuum, void of knowledge, but a plenum of positive errors, continually productive of unhappiness.

Boarding house chicken soup can be made, it is said, by hanging up a hen in the sun so that her shadow shall fall into a pot of salt and water. The only trouble is that on a cloudy day the soup is liable to be weak.

Rich maiden lady—"Well, May, why are you looking so hard at me?" May—"I'm looking for your other face." Lady—"What other face?" May—"Why, ma is always saying you have two faces!" Consternation of mamma.

The presbytery of Greenfield, O., has suspended Rev. Frank Rae for gross intemperance, deciding that when a minister gets so drunk that he can't walk straight along the street, it is apt to reflect upon Christian worship, and public and private morals.

A young doctor, on being asked to contribute toward inclosing and ornamenting the village cemetery, very coolly remarked that if he helped to fill it he thought he should do his part.

A father was winding up his watch, when he said playfully, to his little girl, "Let me wind your nose up." "No," said the little girl, "I don't want my nose wound up, I don't want it to run all day."

Some men make a great flourish about always doing what they believe to be right, but always manage to believe that is right which is for their own interests.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third good humor, and the fourth wit.

Flattery is like a flail, which, if not adroitly used, will box your own ears instead of tickling those of the corn.

No two things differ more than hurry and dispatch; hurry is the mark of a weak mind, dispatch of a strong one.

The best receipt for a clear complexion—A clear conscience.

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That which would represent the true mission of the press of this wonderful age of progress—must have a great heart in it, and a never sleeping conscience. It must be magnanimous and godly—"with charity toward all, and malice toward none." It must speak the truth boldly for the truth's sake, and cherish justice as the apple of its eye. It must seek by the prosperity of right principles and right thoughts, to be useful as well as popular, to build up the truth and tear down error—in short, to improve and ennoble, as well as to enlighten mankind.—*Etc.*

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Newport to Magog.

Leave	FIRST TRIP.	SECOND TRIP.
Newport	7.00 A. M.	1.50 P. M.
Mountain House	7.45 A. M.	2.15 P. M.
A. Molson's	8.10 A. M.	
Hugh Allan's	8.20 A. M.	
Georgetown	8.35 A. M.	
Knowlton's	8.50 A. M.	
Arriving at Magog	10.20 A. M.	4.00 P. M.

Magog to Newport.

Leave Magog	10.25 A. M.	4.04 P. M.
Knowlton's	11.10 A. M.	4.55 P. M.
Georgetown	11.15 A. M.	5.15 P. M.
Hugh Allan's		5.30 P. M.
A. Molson's		5.55 P. M.
Mountain House	12.15 P. M.	6.15 P. M.
Arriving at Newport	1.15 P. M.	7.15 P. M.

*Flag Stations.

L. ROBINSON, Lessee.

Newport, Vt., July 5, 1871.

VERMONT

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